

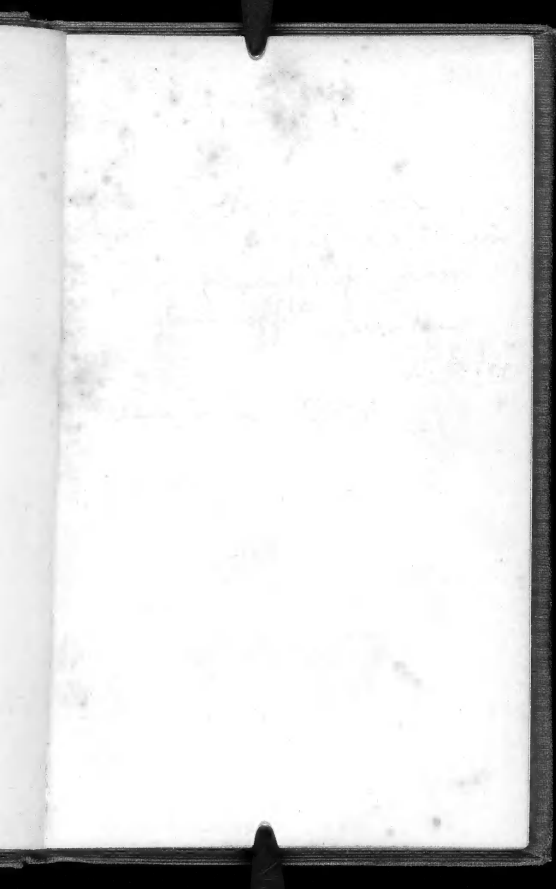
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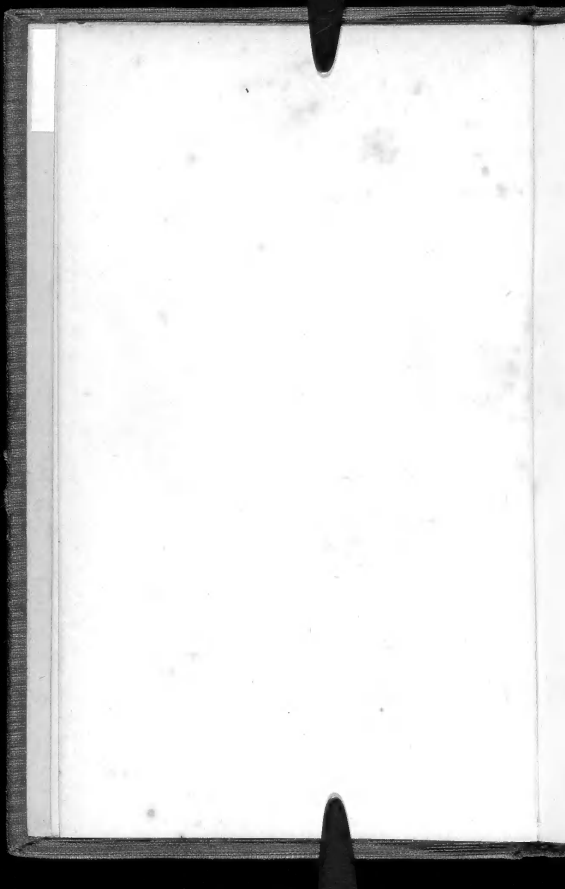
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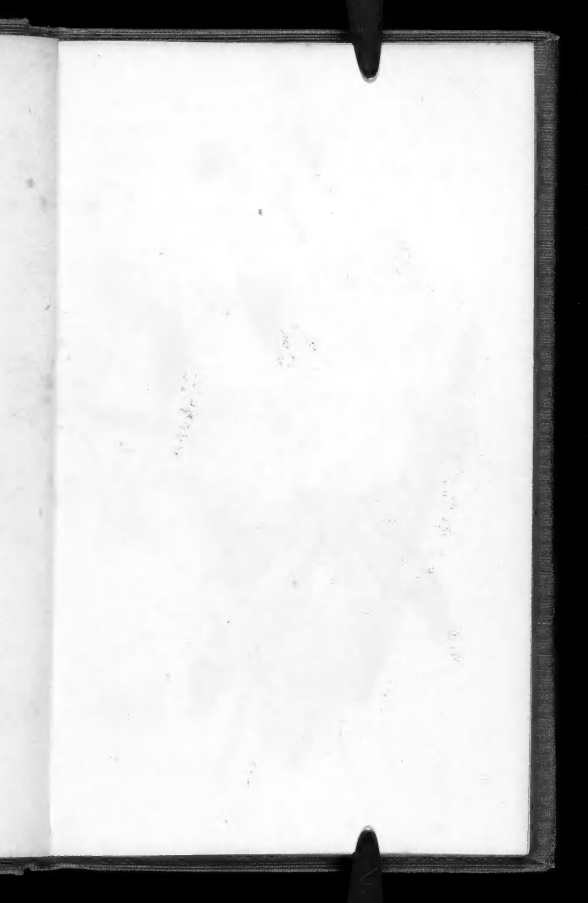


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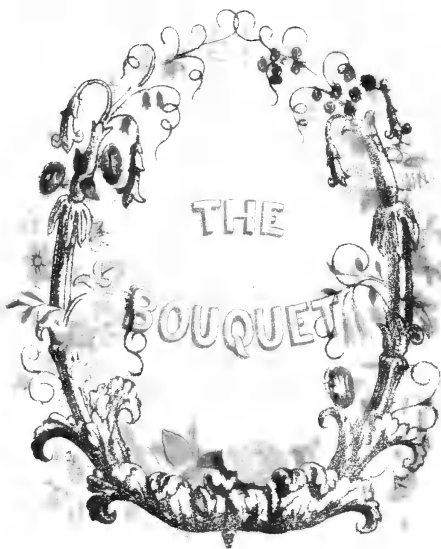


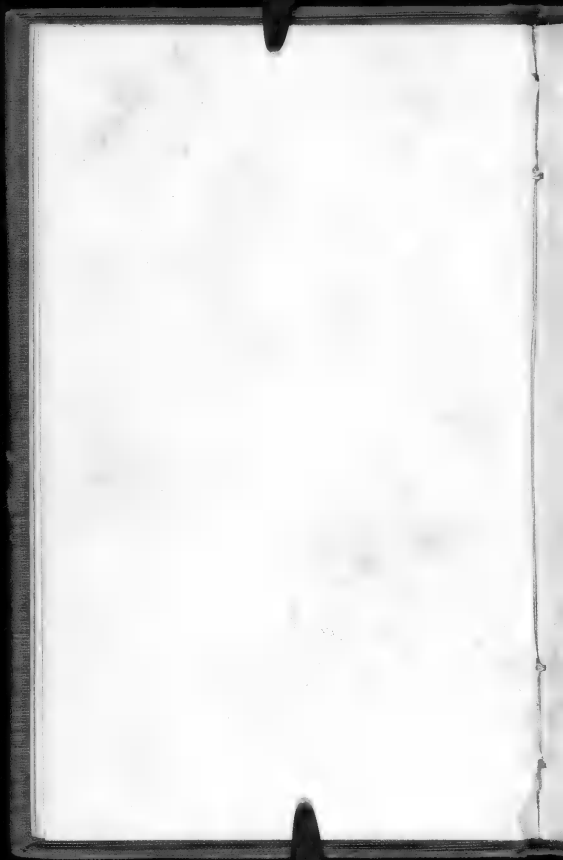




no 1







THE BOUQUET:
CONTAINING
THE POETRY AND LANGUAGE
OF
FLOWERS.

BY A LADY.

Flowers are love's truest language; they betray,
Like the divining rods of magi old,
Where priceless wealth lies buried; not of gold,
But love, strong love, that never can decay!
I send thee flowers, O dearest! and I deem
That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet words,
Whose music, clearer than the voice of birds,
When breathed to thee alone, perchance, may seem
All eloquent of feelings unexpressed.....P. Benjamin.

BOSTON:
BENJAMIN B. MUSSEY.
1845.

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INTRODUCTION.

ARE not flowers the earliest gift of love?
Do they not, mutely eloquent, oft speak
For absent or for trembling hearts, and bear
Kisses and sighs on their perfuméd lips,
And worlds of thoughts and fancies in their tears,
Touched by the rainbow's dyes? Have ye ne'er
prized

Some token flower — an early rose — a bunch
Of young Spring's first and sweetest violets,
culled

And given into yours by hands so dear,
That all flowers seemed grown holier from that
time?

Have you ne'er *hoarded* such a simple gift,
Ay, through long years, e'en when each shrunken
leaf

Bore not a semblance to the thing it was,
And the soft fragrance, that had once been there,

INTRODUCTION.

Had changed from sweet to noisome,—and e'en
then,

For very fondness, could not fling away
Those dim and faded records of the past,
But laid the frail things in their wonted place,
To gaze, and dream, and weep upon again?

L. A. TWAMLEY.



THE BOUQUET.

ASPEN TREE.

POPULUS TREMULUS.

Excessive Sensibility.

WHY tremble so, broad aspen tree?

Why shake thy leaves, ne'er ceasing?
At rest thou never seem'st to be;

For when the air is still and clear,
Or when the nipping gale, increasing,
Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,
Thou tremblest still, broad aspen tree,
And never tranquil seem'st to be.

ANONYMOUS.

THE soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

ROGERS.

ALOE.

ALOE.

Religious Superstition.

In climes beneath the solar ray,
Where beams intolerable day,
And arid plains in silence spread,
The pale-green aloe lifts its head,
Delighting most its shade to fling
Where streams run not, nor fountains spring.
Its mystic branch, at Moslem's door,
Betokens travel long and sore,
 In Mecca's weary pilgrimage;
Or hangs, a visionary charm,
To shield him from the secret harm,
 The spectre's form, the demon's rage.

In frames adult, in fervid minds,
Its root thus superstition finds;
Where'er that noxious growth is found,
There spreads a moral desert round,
Where charity's sweet fount is dried,
And only bitter waters glide.

CRUSE.



ALMOND.

AMYGDALUS PUMILA.

Hope.

THE hope, in dreams, of a happier hour,
That alights on misery's brow,
Springs out of the silvery Almond-flower
That blooms on a leafless bough.

MOORE.

AND hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng.

COLERIDGE.

'T is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

MOORE.

HOPE wears a golden chain.

C. CLARKE.

SUCH is Hope! as changeful and as fair!

Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
Now hid beneath the dragon-winged Despair;

But soon emerging in her radiant might,
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails like a meteor kindling in its flight.

COLERIDGE.

FAIR Hope, with light and buoyant form,
Came smiling through the clouds of care,
Glanced bright defiance on the storm,
And hung her bow of promise there.

MRS. OSGOOD.

ACACIA, YELLOW.

ACACIA FARNESIANA.

Concealed Love.

OUR sands are bare, but smiling there
The Acacia waves her *yellow* hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in the wilderness.

MOORE.

IN many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.

Look on a love, which knows not to despair,
But all unquenched is still my better part,
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart.
I told it not, I breathed it not; it was
Sufficient to itself, its own reward.
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,

Worshipped at holy distance, and around
Hallowed and meekly kissed the saintly ground;
Love has robed thee with a glory, and arrayed
Thy lineaments in beauty that dismayed —
Oh! not dismayed — but awed like one above.

BYRON.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

BYRON.

ALTHEA.

ALTHEA FRUTEX.

Consumed by Love.

It is like
The history of some fair southern clime:
Hot fires are in the bosom of the earth,
And the warmed soil puts forth its thousand
flowers,
Its fruits of gold — summer's regality;
And sleep and odors float upon the air,
Making it heavy with its own delight.
At length the subterranean element
Bursts from its secret solitude, and lays

All waste before it. The red lava stream
Sweeps like a pestilence ; and that which was
A garden for some fairy tale's young queen,
Is one wild desert, lost in burning sand.
Thus it is with the heart. Love lights it up
With one rich flush of beauty. Mark the end :
Hopes that have quarrelled even with themselves,
While the heart, scorched, and withered, and
o'erwhelmed
By passion's earthquake, loathes the name of love.

L. E. LANDON.

ANEMONE.

ANEMONE VERNALIS. — Wind-flower.

Anticipation.

My lonely hours
Are spent in shaping forth our future lives
After my own romantic fantasies.

L. E. LANDON.

THOU art now in thy dreaming time ;
The green leaves on the bough,
The sunshine turning them to gold,
Are pleasures to thee now.

L. E. LANDON.

DREAMS,

Made up of star-crowned hopes and truest loves,
And Joy's own purple prospects.

W. G. SIMMS.

ALAS! that dreams are only dreams;
That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms,
Which scarce a moment live.

Alas! that youth's fond hopes should fade,
And love be but a name,
While its rainbows, followed e'er so fast,
Are distant still the same. DAWES.

AURICULA — SCARLET.

PRIMULA AURICULA.

Wealth is not Happiness.

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,
And drank of the cup of delight;
I have danced to the gayest measure,
In the halls of dazzling light.
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendor,
And stood in the court of kings;
I have snatched at each toy, that could render
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.

But vainly I've sought for joy or peace
In the life of light and shade ;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home,
That home where my childhood played.
When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I weep for ties that bound me
In life's first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours,
Ere day was turned to night ;
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.

MRS. NORTON.

AMARANTH — GLOBE.

GOMPHRENA GLOBOSA.

Unchangeable.

Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.

SHAKSPEARE.

THOUGH changed from all that now thou art,
In shame, in sorrow, still thy heart
Would be the world to me, love.

L. E. LANDON.

UNCHANGABLE and generous: what, like love,
Can melt away the dross of worldliness?
Can elevate, refine, and make the heart
Of that pure gold, which is the fitting shrine
For fire, as sacred as e'er came from heaven?

L. E. LANDON.

BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

LYCHNIS DIOICA.

I with the morning's love have oft made sport.

EVER till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wondered
how.

SHAKSPEARE.

NEVER man sighed truer breath.

SHAKSPEARE.

Not a lover before thee has knelt,
Feeling one half of the love I have felt.

T. H. BAYLEY.

STRANGE! that one lightly whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me,
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

O. W. HOLMES.

BALM.

MELISSA OFFICINALIS.

Sympathy.

Is there who mocks at sacred sympathy,
And owns a bosom from her dictates free?
Who never longed to press unto his heart,
At the first glance, a friend, and never part?
Who the soft influence of a smile denies,
And the more melting power of tearful eyes?

Who an unconscious look, a word, a sigh,
Boasts his unhallowed bosom can defy?
O, never let him deem his soul was made
For holy hopes, and joys that never fade;
For pure delights, that love can only know,
And all the ties that cheer our hearts below:
The tender names of husband, brother, friend,
Ne'er to his breast their blissful sounds shall lend;
But cheerless, joyless, shall he live and die,
Nor claim in life a smile, in death a sigh!

M. S. J.

Love's soft sympathy imparts
That tender transport of delight
That beats in undivided hearts.

CARTWRIGHT.

BALSAMINE.

IMPATIENS.

Impatience.

With fierce, distracted eye Impatience stands.

DARWIN.

LIFE of my life — at once my fate decree —
I wait my death, or more than life, from thee!

I have no arts nor powers thy soul to move,
But doting constancy and boundless love ;
This is my all — had I the world to give,
Thine were its throne : *now* bid me die or live.

G. CRABBE.

I saw you every day, and all the day ;
And every day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

DRYDEN.

O, WHY delay the happy time ?
The hours glide swiftly by,
And oft we see a sombre cloud
Obscure the fairest sky.
Then while the morn is rosy bright,
Accept my earnest vow ;
And O, believe me, dearest maid,
Love's time, love's time, is now.

P. BENJAMIN.



BAY LEAF.

LAURUS.

I change but in dying.

FLOWERS seek the light, their beauties to display ;

The *leaf* will smile the same by night as day.

ANON.

BE *such*, and only *such*, my friends,

Once mine, and mine forever ;

And here 's a hand to clasp in theirs,

That shall desert them never.

And thou be *such*, my gentle love,

Time, chance, the world defying ;

And take, 't is all I have, a heart

That changes but in dying.

G W. DOANE.

CHANGE as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be

The faithful compass, that still points to thee.

GAY.

HERE still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,

And the heart, and the hand, all thine own to the
last.

MOORE.

BOX.

BUXUS SUFFRUTICOSA.

Stoicism.

I LOVE thee, yet I do not weep
That thou art mine no more ;
I mourn thee, yet my feelings sleep
In silence as before.
A common loss might tears bewail,
But not a loss like thine ;
And words might soothe Love's fancied tale,
But not a love like mine.

M. J. JEWSBURY.

THE star of the unconquered will,
It rises in my breast,
Serene and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

I fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

BUTTER-CUP.

RANUNCULUS ACRIS.

Wealth.

BRIGHT flowering king-cups promise future
wealth,

And fairies now, no doubt, unseen,

In silent revels sup ;

With dewdrop bumpers toast their queen

From *crow-flower's* golden cup.

CLARR.

THOUGH dark the heart that throbs beneath

The cestus in despair ;

What matters it ? — the jewel-wreath

Can hide the ruin there ?

And, oh ! though still my diamonds blaze

Above a spirit lonely,

The world — the heartless world will gaze

And see my jewels only !

Yes ! I would have them deem me blest ;

And *wealth*, at least, may be

A glittering veil for broken rest,

And endless misery !

OSGOOD.

CATCHFLY.

SILENE PENNSYLVANICA.

Artifice, or pretended Love.

O, I did love her dearly,
And gave her toys and rings,
And thought she meant sincerely,
When she took my pretty things:
But her heart has grown as icy
As a fountain in the fall;
And her love, that was so spicy,
It did not last at all.

Before the gates of fashion
I daily bent my knee;
But I sought the shrine of passion,
And I found my idol — thee.
Though never love intenser
Had bowed a soul before it,
Thine eye was on the censor,
And not the hand that bore it.

O. W. HOLMES.



CALLA ETHIOPICA.

ARUM ETHIOPICUM.

Feminine Modesty.

IN flowers and blossoms love is wont to trace
Emblems of woman's virtues and her grace;
Both pure, both sweet, both formed with curious
skill,

The quaint analogy surprises still.

Hence rose a mystic tongue, which I know not,

Or with love's *other* language, have forgot;

At 'thirty,' one may gaze on rose and lily,

Nor grow poetic, amorous, nor — silly.

Yet, fair exotic! by this single rule,

That thy name speaks thee of the 'Beautiful,'

(A race by ancient gods and modern men

Alike adored,) thou shouldst engage my pen:

The more, that thy chaste hue of modest white

Evokes the thought of *one* as pure, as bright;

On whose fair brow most legibly is writ

What more enchants than beauty, grace, or wit;

Of *that* with thy fresh circling leaf of green,

(An artless robe, adapted to thy mien,)

Henceforth in Flora's reign the emblem be,

And bear the name of Female Modesty.

CREESE.

CHAMOMILE.

ANTHEMIS NOBILIS.

Energy in Adversity.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,
That beat against my breast,
Rage on — thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low, at rest ;
Yet still the spirit, that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,
Come on — your threats I brave ;
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave ;
Yet still the spirit, that endures,
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
Pass on — I heed you not ;
You may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot ;

Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws, from its own nobility,
Its high-born smiles.

ANONYMOUS.

CEDAR.

JUNIPERUS.

I think of thee.

I THOUGHT of thee, I thought of thee,
On ocean, many a weary night,
When heaved the long and sullen sea,
With only waves and stars in sight.
We stole along by isles of balm,
We furled before the coming gale,
We slept amid the breathless calm,
We flew beneath the straining sail —
But thou wert lost for years to me,
And, day and night, I thought of thee!

I've thought of thee — I've thought of thee,
Through change that teaches to forget;
Thy face looks up from every sea,
In every star thine eyes are set.
Though roving beneath Orient skies
Whose golden beauty breathes of rest,

I envy every bird that flies
Into the far and clouded West:
I think of thee — I think of thee!
O, dearest! hast thou thought of me.

WILLIS.

CLEMATIS.

CLEMATIS VIRGINICA. — Virgin's Bower.

Mental Beauty.

A LOFTIER gift is thine than she can give —
That queen of beauty. She may mould the brow
To perfectness, and give unto the form
A beautiful proportion; she may stain
The eye with a celestial blue — the cheek
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
Grace into every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestus, — and one silent look of thine,
Like stronger magic, will outcharm it all.

Ay, for the soul is better than its frame,
The spirit than its temple. What's the brow,
Or the eye's lustre, or the step of air,
Or color, but the beautiful links that chain

The mind from its rare element? There lies
A talisman in intellect, which yields
Celestial music, when the master hand
Touches it cunningly. It sleeps beneath
The outward semblance, and to common sight
Is an invisible and hidden thing;
But when the lip is faded, and the cheek
Robbed of its daintiness, and when the form
Witches the sense no more, and human love
Falters in its idolatry, this spell
Will hold its strength unbroken, and go on
Stealing anew the affections. WILLIS.

CANDYTUFT.

IBERIS.

Indifference.

THOU ne'er didst love!
'Tis writ in the smooth margin of thy brow,
And in the steady lustre of thine eye.
Thy blood did never riot in thy veins
With the distempered, hurried course of love;
Thy heart did never shake thy shuddering frame
With the thick, startled, throbbing pulse of love;
Thou hast ne'er wept love's bitter, burning tears,
Hoped with love's wild, unutterable hope,

Nor drowned in love's dark, fathomless despair.
Thine is a steadfast and a fixed nature,
'Gainst which the tide of passion and desire
Breaks harmless as the water o'er the rock ;
And the rich light of beauty shines alone
On thy soul's surface, leaving all beneath it
Unmoved and cold as subterranean springs.
Love has no power o'er spirits such as thine,
Nor comes it nigh to them.

MRS. P. BUTLER.

BETTER the tie at once be broken,
At once our last farewell be spoken,
Than watch him, one by one, destroy
The glowing buds of hope and joy —
Than thus to see them, day by day,
Beneath his coldness fade away.

F. S. OSGOOD.

CARNATION.

DIANTHUS CARYOPHYLLUS.

Pride and Beauty.

I KNOW thee proud — upon thy brow
I have seen haughty scorn ;
And pride becoming such as thou,
In pride and beauty born !

If thou wert not so proud and cold,
And distant, unto me,
This love of mine were not so bold—
I were not proud of thee!

O, I will win a deathless name
Among the men of earth,
And lead to new and nobler fame
The land that gave me birth;
O, I will win the love and praise
And honor of the free,
And in the glory of my days
Bring all, bright girl, to thee!

Thou of the proud and noble brow,
Thou of the eye like night,
O, listen to the uttered vow,
And read my song aright!
I do not come to beg of thee
A heart that is not thine;
I ask a love as strong and free
As this wild love of mine!

NEW MIRROR.



CHINA ASTER.

ASTER CHINENSIS.

Variety is charming.

THAT loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft, shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the
eyes ;

Now melting in mist, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of heaven in his
dreams.

When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face ;
If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depths of whose shadow, like holy re-
vealings

From innermost shrines, came the light of her
feelings.

Then her mirth — O, 't was sportive as ever took
wing

From the heart with a burst, like the wild bird in
spring ;

Illumed by a wit, that could fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.

MOORE.

COREOPSIS.

COREOPSIS ARKANSAS.

Love at first sight.

LET no one say, that there is need
Of time, for love to grow ;
Ah, no ! the love that kills, indeed,
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark, which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please ;
But love is not its name.

For love, to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal ;
Should be the first one ever knew ;
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool —
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

From the Spanish of LOPE DE VEGA.

Translated by LORD HOLLAND.



CORCHORUS.

CORCHORUS JAPONICUS.

Impatience of absence.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours,
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval, that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee — for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this dooméd time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

MRS. F. K. BUTLER.

CHRYSANTHEMUM — RED.

CHRYSANTHEMUM INDICUM.

I love.

My heart is full

Of that immortal passion, which alone
Holds through the wide world its eternal rule

Supreme ; and with its deep, seducing tone
Winneth the wise, the young, the beautiful,

The brave, and all, to bow before its throne ;
The sun and soul of life, the end, the gain,
The rich requital of an age of pain.

B. CORNWALL.

I LOVE thee ; yes, I feel

That on the fountain of my heart ■ seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee.

SHELLEY.

This is love,

Which chooseth from a thousand only one
To be the object of that tenderness
Natural to every heart ; which can resign
Its own best happiness for one dear sake ;
Can bear with absence ; hath no part in hope,
For hope is somewhat selfish ; — love is not,
And doth prefer another to itself.

L. E. LONDON.

COLUMBINE.

AQUILEGIA.

I cannot give thee up.

'T is said that absence conquers love!

But, O, believe it not;

I've tried, alas! its power to prove,

But thou art not forgot.

Lady, though fate has bid us part,

Yet still thou art as dear,

As fixed in this devoted heart,

As when I clasped thee here.

And when some other name I learn,

And try to whisper love,

Still will my heart to thee return,

Like the returning dove.

In vain! I never can forget,

And would not be forgot;

For I must bear the same regret,

Whate'er may be my lot.

E'en as the wounded bird will seek

Its favorite bower to die,

So, lady, I would hear thee speak,

And yield my parting sigh.

'T is said that absence conquers love!
But, O, believe it not;
I've tried, alas! its power to prove,
But thou art not forgot.

F. W. THOMAS.

CAMELLIA — WHITE.

CAMELLIA JAPONICA.

Perfect Loveliness.

ELEGANCE floats about thee like a dress,
Melting the airy motion of thy form
Into one swaying grace; and loveliness,
Like a rich tint that makes a picture warm,
Is lurking in the chestnut of thy tress;
Enriching it, as moonlight after storm
Mingles dark shadows into gentleness.
A beauty, that bewilders like a spell,
Reigns in thine eye's clear hazel; and thy brow,
So pure in veined transparency, doth tell
How spiritually beautiful art thou —
A temple, where angelic love might dwell.
Life in thy presence were a thing to keep,
Like a gay dreamer clinging to his sleep.

WILLIS.

CROCUS.

CROCUS OFFICINALIS.

Cheerfulness.

I CANNOT paint to thee the charm
Which thou hast wrought in me ;
Thy laugh, so like the wild bird's song,
In the first bloom-touched tree.

L. E. LANDON.

HER looks were looks of melody,
Her voice was like the swell
Of sudden music, notes of mirth,
That of wild gladness tell ;
She came, like spring, with pleasant sounds
Of sweetness and of mirth ;
And her thoughts were those wild-flower ones
That linger not on earth.

Miss L. P. SMITH.

LOVELY thou art, ay, lovely ;
And sorrow shared with thee,
As if magician-changed, becomes
A pleasure unto me.
Life's sky, though clothed with tempest-clouds,
Grows bright when thou art nigh,
And tears e'er turn to smiles, beneath
Thine angel-gifted eye.

MRS. SCOTT.

DAHLIA.

DAHLIA.

Elegance and Dignity.

I LOVED thee for thy high-born grace,
Thy deep and lustrous eye ;
For the sweet meaning of thy brow,
And for thy bearing high.
I loved thee for thy stainless truth,
Thy thirst for higher things ;
For all that to our common lot
A better temper brings.
And are they not all thine — still thine ?
Is not thy heart as true ?
Holds not thy step its noble grace ?
Thy cheek its dainty hue ? —
And have I not an ear to hear ?
And a cloudless eye to see ?
And a thirst for beautiful human thought,
That first was stirred by thee ?

WILLIS.

No idle wish
To rival her compeers ; no proud conceit
Of her own passing loveliness, e'er stirs
Her tranquil soul. She brightly shines
Amid the lesser lights that round her beam,
Eclipsing all with her effulgent rays.

MRS. CUSHING.

DAISY.

BELLIS.

Beauty and Innocence.

THE star that gems life's morning sky,
Smiles sweetly o'er thee now ;
And flowers around thy pathway lie,
And roses crown thy brow —
That shed their delicate perfume
'Mid ringlets trembling like a plume ;
While a deep witchery, soft and bright,
Is floating in those eyes of light.

Pure and undimmed, thy angel smile
Is mirrored on my dreams,
Like evening's sunset-girded isle
Upon her shadowed streams :
And o'er my thoughts thy vision floats,
Like melody of spring-bird notes |
When the blue halcyon gently laves
His plumage in the flashing waves.

I cannot gaze on aught that wears
The beauty of the skies,
Or aught that in life's valley bears
The hues of paradise ;

I cannot look upon a star,
Or cloud, that seems a seraph's car,
Or any form of purity,
Unmingled with a dream of thee.

P. BENJAMIN.

DANDELION.

LEONTODON TARAXACUM.

Coquetry.

O, THERE are some
Can trifle, in cold vanity, with all
The warm soul's precious throbs; to whom it is
A triumph, that a fond, devoted heart
Is breaking for them; who can bear to call
Young flowers into beauty, and then crush them!

L. E. LANDON.

I KNOW I share thy smiles with many,
Yet still thy smiles are dear to me;
I know that I, far less than any,
Call out thy spirit's witchery;
But yet I cannot help, when nigh thee,
To seize upon each glance and tone;
To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
And count them o'er whene'er alone.

But why, O why, on all thus squander
The treasures one alone can prize?
Why let the looks at random wander,
Which beam from those deluding eyes?
Those syren tones, so lightly spoken,
Cause many a heart, I know, to thrill;
But mine, and only mine, till broken,
In every pulse must answer still.
C. F. HOFFMAN.

DEW-PLANT.

MESEMBRYANTHEMUM.

Serenade.

STARS of the summer night!
Far in your azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light;
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light,
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light,

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps

Watch! while in slumbers light

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps! LONGFELLOW.

EGLANTINE.

ROSA RUBIGINOSA.

I wound to heal.

WHEN the tree of love is budding first,

Ere yet its leaves are green,

Ere yet by shower and sunbeam nursed,

Its infant life hath been;

The wild bee's slightest touch might wring

The buds from off the tree,

As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing

Breaks the bubbles on the sea:

But when its open leaves have found
A home in the free air,
Pluck them, and there remains a wound,
That ever rankles there.
The blight of hope and happiness
Is felt when fond ones part;
And the bitter tears that follow, is
The life-blood of the heart.
Then crush, e'en in the hour of birth,
The infant buds of love;
And tread his growing fire to earth,
Ere 't is dark in clouds above.
Cherish no more a cypress-tree,
To shade thy future years,
Nor nurse a heart-flame, that may be
Quenched only with thy tears.

HALLECK.

EVERLASTING.

GNAPHALIUM.

Always remembered.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love comes o'er my mind —
As dew upon the purple bell —
As perfume on the wind —

As music on the sea —
As sunshine on the river —
So hath it always been to me;
So shall it be forever.

BLACKWOOD'S MAG.

THINK not, beloved, time can break
The spell around us cast;
Or absence from my bosom take
The memory of the past;
My love is not that silvery mist,
From summer blooms by sunbeams kissed,
Too fugitive to last.
A fadeless flower, it still retains
The brightness of its earlier stains.

ANONYMOUS.

FENNEL.

ANETHUM.

Strength.

ABOVE the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers;
And, in an earlier age than ours,
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless mood ;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a period in the wreck of hopes
By the affections garnered, calmer far
Than an untried serenity. It comes
With the stern conflict ever, and awaits
The passage of that hour, as if the soul
Were girded, and had championed suffering ;
And it is strange, how a weak, human heart
Will thus be quiet, like a hushing storm ;
And, with a fetter on its pulses, wait
To measure spirits for the mastery !

WILLIS.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

MYOSOTIS ARVENSIS.

True Love.

THERE is a flower, a lovely flower,
Tinged deep with Faith's unchanging hue ;
Pure as the ether, in its hour
Of loveliest and serenest blue.

The streamlet's gentle side it seeks,
The silent fount, the shaded grot;
And sweetly to the heart it speaks,
Forget-me-not, forget-me-not.

Mild as the azure of thine eyes,
Soft as the halo-beam above,
In tender whispers still it sighs,
Forget-me-not, my life, my love!
There, where thy last steps turned away,
Wet eyes shall watch the sacred spot,
And this sweet flower be heard to say,
Forget! ah, no! forget-me-not!

Yet deep its azure leaves within,
Is seen the blighting hue of care;
And what that secret grief hath been,
The drooping stem may well declare.
The dewdrops on its leaves, are tears,
That ask, 'Am I so soon forgot?'
Repeating still, amidst their fears,
My life, my love! forget-me-not.

From the German, by F. HALLECK.



FUCHSIA.

FUCHSIA MAGELLANICA.

Humble Love.

AH! might I breathe my humble vow,
Might she, too, deign to lend an ear;
Elvira's self should then allow,
That Armine was at least sincere.

Wild wish! to dream the matchless maid
Would listen to a youth like me;
Or that my vows would e'er persuade,
Sincere and constant though they be!

CARTWRIGHT.

I KNOW I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and untenable sieve,
I still pour out the waters of my love,
And lack not to love still; thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more.

SHAKSPEARE.



FLOWERING REED.

CANNA AUGUSTIFOLIA.

Confidence in Heaven.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes, that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure, at its birth,
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There 's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life should seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;—
If, like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eyes above,
There 's rest for thee in heaven.

But, O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gayly fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;—

Still, let not every thought
To this poor world be given;
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in heaven.

J. H. BRIGHT.

GERANIUM — SCARLET.

PELARGONIUM INQUINANS.

Thou art changed.

FAREWELL! and when the charm of change
Has sunk, as all must sink, in shade;
When joy, a wearied bird, begins
The wing to droop, the plume to fade;

When thou thyself, at length, hast felt
What thou hast made another feel —
The hope that sickens to despair —
The wound that time may sear, not heal;

When thou shalt pine for some fond heart,
To beat in answering thine again;
Then, false one, think once more on me,
And sigh to think it is in vain.

L. E. LANDON.

GERANIUM — ROSE.

P. CAPITATUM.

Preference.

BEFORE a fair maiden
Two offerings shone :
A blossom, dew-laden—
A sun-colored stone.

Thy choice, gentle maiden !
'T is thine, thine alone ;
The leaflet, dew-laden,
The sun-illumed stone !

The one is the offer
Of power and pride,
With gold in his coffer,
And gems for his bride ;

The other a token
From passion and truth,
The pure and unbroken,
The love of thy youth.

She falters — though cruel,
The struggle is brief ;
She clasps — not the jewel —
The tear-laden leaf.

MRS. OSGOOD.

GERANIUM — SILVER-LEAVED.

P. ARGENTIFOLIUM.

Recall.

COME home ! there is a sorrowing breath
In music, since you went ;
And the early flower-scents wander by,
With mournful memories blent.

O, ye beloved, come home ! the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song,
Returns — and ye are gone !

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main !
Our love is grown too sorrowful,
Bring us its youth again !

HEMANS.

BURIED be all that has been done,
Or say that nought is done amiss ;
For who the dangerous path can shun,
In such bewildering world as this ?
But love can every fault forgive,
Or with a tender look reprove ;
And now let nought in memory live,
But that we meet, and that we love.

G. CRABBE.

s.

s.



GERANIUM — OAK.

P. QUERCIFOLIUM.

True Friendship.

WHEN fortune changed, and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose and set not to the last.

And *these*, when all was lost besides,
Were found, and still are fixed in thee;
And bearing still a breast so tried,
Earth is no desert—even to me. BYRON

TRUE as a needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My *life* and *love* shall follow thee.
BOOTH.

THOU art a friend, indeed,
Most truly true and kind;
Thou giv'st me, in my spirit-need,
Thy wealth of heart and mind!
MRS. OSGOOD.

GERANIUM — LEMON.**P. ACERIFOLIUM.****Tranquillity of Mind.**

My heart is like a sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,
And only feels its surface break,
When birds of passage wander by,
Who dip their wings and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before. WILLIS.

Its secret and its evidence are writ
In the broad book of nature 'T is to have
Attentive and believing faculties ;
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well-created things ;
To love the voice of waters, and the sheen
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea ;
To thrill with the rich melody of birds,
Living their life of music ; to be glad
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm ;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering
trees ;
To see and hear, and breathe the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world.
WILLIS.

GILLY FLOWER.

CHEIRANTHUS INCANUS.

Bonds of Affection.

THERE is in life no blessing like affection ;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven.
It sits beside the cradle patient hours,
Whose sole contentment is to watch and love ;
It bendeth o'er the deathbed, and conceals
Its own despair with words of faith and hope.
Life has nought else that may supply its place ;
Void is ambition, cold is vanity,
And wealth an empty glitter, without love.

L. E. LANDON.

By thy birth, so oft renewed
From the embers long subdued ;
By the life-gift in thy chain,
Broken link to weave again ;
By thine infinite of woe,
All we know not, all we know ;
If there be what dieth not,
Thine, affection, is its lot !

HEMANS.



GRAPE.

VITIS VINIFERA.

Mirth.

I HEARD the gushing of thy voice,
Thy laugh of happy mirth —
A bright fount in a pleasant place,
To cheer the shaded earth.

I caught the glancing of thine eye,
Its gleam of young delight —
A sunbeam on a dewy bank,
Each floweret's eye to light.

And all the poet's spell can give,
Is in this simple prayer,
That no chill wind of sorrow come
To ice the fountain there ;

That no dark cloud of grief may rise,
The pleasant glance to shade ;
But that pure stream of joy gush on,
That sun-gleam never fade.

MILLER.



HOLLYHOCK.

ALCEA ROSEA.

Ambition.

How like a mounting devil in the heart,
Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought,
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes; and, with not a spring
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath life
Many a falser idol. WILLIS.

'T is a glorious cheat!
Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly
The sapphire walls of Heaven. The unsearched
mine
Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated thrones
Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
WILLIS.



HONEY FLOWER.

MELIANTHUS.

My love is sweet and secret.

O, it is
Most exquisite to have a fount of bliss,
Sacred to us alone ; no other eye
Conscious of our enchanted mystery ;
Ourselves the sole possessors of a spell
Giving us happiness unutterable.

L. E. LANDON.

'T WAS like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell ;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul, echoed to its spell !

MOORE.

OURS, too, the glance none saw beside ;
The smile none else might understand ;
The whispered thoughts of hearts allied ;
The pressure of the thrilling hand.

BYRON.



HOUSTONIA.

HOUSTONIA CÆRULEA.

Contentment.

I DREAMED of a lonely and lovely glen ;
There was a clear and beautiful sky,
Such as is seen in the blue July ;
To the north, was a forest of darkling pine ;
To the south, were hills all green with the vine,
Where the ruby clusters sparkled like gems
Seen upon princely diadems ;
On the rocks, were goats as white as snow,
And the sheep-bell was heard in the valley below ;
And, like a nest, in the chestnut's shade,
As just for love and contentment made,
A little cottage stood, and the tree
Shadowed it over most gracefully ;
A white rose grew up beside the door,
The porch with the blossoms was covered o'er.
Methought it was yours — you were standing by ;
You welcomed me, and I felt your sigh
Warm on my cheek, and our lips met, —
On mine the touch is thrilling yet !
But, alas ! I awakened, and all I can do,
Is to tell the sweet dream, my own love, to you !

L. E. LANDON.

JASMINE — WHITE.

JASMINUM OFFICINALE.

Amiability.

I SEND this flower to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A woman, of her gentler sex
The seeming paragon:
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Affections are as nought to her,
The measure of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness, of young flowers. —
O, would that on the earth there moved
Others of such a frame;
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

E. C. PINCKNEY.



HAREBELL.

CAMPANULA ROTUNDIFOLIA.

Grief.

'T is sad to mark the ravage that the heart
Makes of itself! how, one by one, depart
The colors that made hope. We seek, we find;
And find, too, charm has, with the change, de-
clined.

Many things have I loved, that now to me
Are as ■ marvel how they loved could be;
Yet on we go, desiring, to the last,
Illusions vain as any in the past.

L. E. LANDON.

O, COULD we wake from sorrow! were it all
A troubled dream like this, to cast aside,
Like an untimely garment, with the morn!
Could the long fever of the heart be cooled
By a sweet breath from nature, or the gloom
Of a bereaved affection pass away
With looking on the lively tint of flowers —
How lightly were the spirit reconciled
To make this beautiful, bright world its home!

WILLIS.

HELIOTROPE.

HELIOTROPIUM.

Devotion.

GAZE on my cheek,
 And let its hue, when thou art near, my heart's
 devotion speak;
 Look on my dim and tearful eye, my pale and
 rigid brow,
 And list my wild, unbidden sigh — what need of
 pledge or vow? ANON.

I BEHOLD her
 With adoration — feast my eye, while all
 My other senses starve; and oft frequenting
 The place which she makes happy with her
 presence,
 I ne'er yet had power, with tongue or pen,
 To move her to compassion, or make known
 What 't is I languish for; yet I must gaze still,
 Though it increase my flame.

MASSINGER'S 'BASHFUL LOVER.'

SHE was a form of life and light,
 That seen, became a part of sight;
 And rose, where'er I turned mine eye,
 The morning star of memory! BYRON.

HEATH.

ERICA.

Solitude is sometimes best society.

OH! pleasant is it for the heart
To gather up itself apart;
To think its own thoughts, and to be
Free — as none ever yet were free,
When, prisoners to their gilded thrall,
Vain crowd meets crowd in lighted hall;
With frozen feeling's tutored eye,
And smile which is itself a lie.

L. E. LANDON.

THIS cell has taught me many a hidden thing;
I have become acquainted with my soul
Through midnight silence, and through lonely
days

Silent as midnight. I have found therein
A well of waters, undisturbed and deep,
Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose.

WORDSWORTH.

AND impulses of deeper thought
Have come to me in solitude.

WORDSWORTH.

HOLLY.

ILEX.

Domestic Happiness.

OH! could I *one* dear being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
To praise the Almighty's name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upward to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus, nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

FRISBIE.

IVY.

HEDERA.

Wedded Love.

HAVE you e'er seen the ivy clinging
Round fragments broken and decayed,
As if its mantling wreaths 't were flinging,
To hide the breaches time has made?

O, thus, should care or sorrow wound thee,
Be friendship's soft endearments thine;
And fondest sympathy around thee
As close her thousand tendrils twine.

And when, at last, each youthful token
Shall yield to wasting and decay,
And thou, like arch or column broken,
Shalt feel proud manhood's strength give way;

O, then may love, by time unshaken,
Around its earliest prop still cling!
(For when was mouldering arch forsaken
By the fond wreath, it caused to spring?)

Still may one smile, as moonbeam tender,
E'en to the last, unwearied shine;
Gilding thy manhood's waning splendor—
And, O, may that one smile be mine!

Poetry for the Young.

IRIS.

IRIS CRISTATA.

I have ■ message for you.

FOND Love, who lives in my heart for thee,
Had a message, this morning, he wanted to
send;

While Fear, who will ever beside him be,
Cried, ' Better beware, my friend? '

But then sweet memory woke awhile,
And softly she told, in Love's true ear,
Of a certain bewitching and eloquent smile,
Which *you* have forgotten, I fear!

Young Hope, who was listening, caught the
sound;

All beaming with light, she flew to Love —
' O, round my wings be your billet-doux bound,
And I'll be your carrier dove! '

'T was done — Hope went — (she knows the way
By heart, for she 's travelled it oft ere now.)
Ah! send her back to me, sweet, I pray,
With the same unclouded brow.

She will furl at your feet her weary wing,
And, O, if the billet she bears be fled,

Think that Fear must have followed and loosened
the string,

And just guess all that Love would have said.

MRS. OSGOOD.

JACOB'S LADDER.

SIMLAX PEDUNCULARIS.

Come down to me.

Look ! how the stars like jewels glisten,
Maiden, more pure than gem or star?
Lean from thy lattice, my love, and listen,
While I awake my wild guitar.

See, I have flung a fair flower to thee !
May not its name my fond hope tell ?
O, for thy lover let it woo thee !
And ask thy blush what it means, '*ma belle !*'

Last night, the patriarch's dream was mine —
An angel came from heaven to me ;
Its smiles, its tresses, were so like thine,
I think it could have been none but thee !

Then realize, love, that radiant dream !
Fly from thy tyrant's savage pride !
Descend, O seraph ! by night's dim beam,
And morn shall hail, with a smile, my bride !

MRS. OSGOOD

LABURNUM.

CYTISUS LABURNUM.

Pensive Beauty.

HERS are not brightly-flashing eyes, but seem a
quiet well,

Where holy Truth, and Grace serene, those lov-
ing sisters, dwell ;

And, from their depths, a constant light, a gentle
radiance gleams —

In her pure spirit may be found the fountain of its
beams.

[worth,

And O, within this casket fair, there is a pearl of
Like the dewdrop in the lily-bell, as free from
taint of earth ;

There is a *soul*, whose rays shine through, and
gild her features fair,

With ■ portion of that blessed light celestial be-
ings wear.

[cately wrought,

A mind she hath of wondrous mould, most deli-
Whose strings were never swept by aught but
high and holy thought ;

A mind, whose pleasant fancies pass like 'shad-
ows over streams,'

A soul, forever tenanted by rainbow-colored
dreams.

A. K. CLARK.

LAURUSTINUS.

VIBURNUM TINUS.

I die if neglected.

WHILE you cherish me, dearest, through good
and through ill,

Life's summer I'll bless, and its winter defy!
'Mid sunshine and tempest I'll smile on thee still,
But, O, if you ever neglect me, I die!

While you watch o'er love's glowing but delicate
flowers,

Every glance of affection—each soul-winged
sigh—

All the bloom of my cheek and my heart—shall
be yours;

But, O, if you leave me—you leave me to die!

MRS. OSGOOD.

LOVE is a thing of frail and delicate growth,
Soon checked, soon fostered; feeble and yet strong.
It will endure much, suffer much, and bear
What would weigh down an angel's wing to earth,
And yet mount heavenward; but not the less
It dieth of a word, a look, a thought:
And when it dies, it dies without a sign
To tell how fair it was in happier hours.

L. E. LANDON.

LARKSPUR.

DELPHINIUM CONSOLIDUM.

Fickleness.

O, AGONY! keen agony,
For trusting heart to find
That vows believed were vows conceived
As light as summer wind.

O, agony! fierce agony,
For loving heart to brook,
In one brief hour, the withering power
Of unimpassioned look.

O, agony! deep agony,
For heart that 's proud and high,
To learn of Fate how desolate
It may be ere it die.

O, agony! sharp agony,
To find how loath to part
With the fickleness and faithlessness
That break a trusting heart!

W. MOTHERWELL.



LAVENDER.

LAVENDULA SPICA.

Acknowledgment.

IF to feel the deep devotion
Of a pilgrim at a shrine;
If to weep with fond emotion,
Be to love thee — I am thine.
If to treasure every token,
Every look, and every sign,
Every light word thou hast spoken,
Be to love thee — I am thine.

MRS. V. E. HOWARD.

Yes! by those eyes of azure glory,
Shedding their star-like smiles on me;
Yes! by that cheek, changing and glowing,
Warm as the plumage of yon bright lory;
By those ringlets so richly flowing,
Dearest, I love but thee!

Yes! by that foot of fairy fleetness,
Springing ever so light and free,
By that figure's gazelle-like grace, love,
By thy spirit's pure truth and sweetness,
By all thy magic of mind and face, love,
Ever I love but thee! MRS. OSGOOD.

LOVE-LIES-BLEEDING.**AMARANTHUS HYPOCHONDRICUS.****Hopeless, not heartless.**

I do not ask to offer thee
A timid love like mine ;
I lay it as the rose is laid
On some immortal shrine.

I have no hope in loving thee ;
I only ask to love ;
I brood upon my silent heart,
As on its nest the dove.

But little have I been beloved,
Sad, silent, and alone ;
And yet I feel, in loving thee,
The wide world is mine own.

Thine is the name I breathe to Heaven,
Thy face is on my sleep ;
I only ask, that love like this
May pray for thee and weep.

L. E. LONDON.

LONDON PRIDE.

SILENE.

Frivolity.

A PRETTY rainbow sort of life enough,
Filled up with vanities and gay caprice ;
Such life is like the garden at Versailles,
Where all is artificial ; and the stream
Is held in marble basins, or sent up
Amid the fretted air in waterfalls
Fantastic, sparkling ; and the element,
The mighty element, a moment's toy ;
And, like all toys, ephemeral.

L. E. LANDON.

WELL, well ! adieu forever,
My heart has broken free ;
I've brought myself to sever
My pleasant tie to thee.

I blame myself for letting thee
My better angel seem,
And forgive thee by forgetting thee,
As some uneasy dream.

N. Y. STATE.

LILY — WHITE.

LILIUM CANDIDUM.

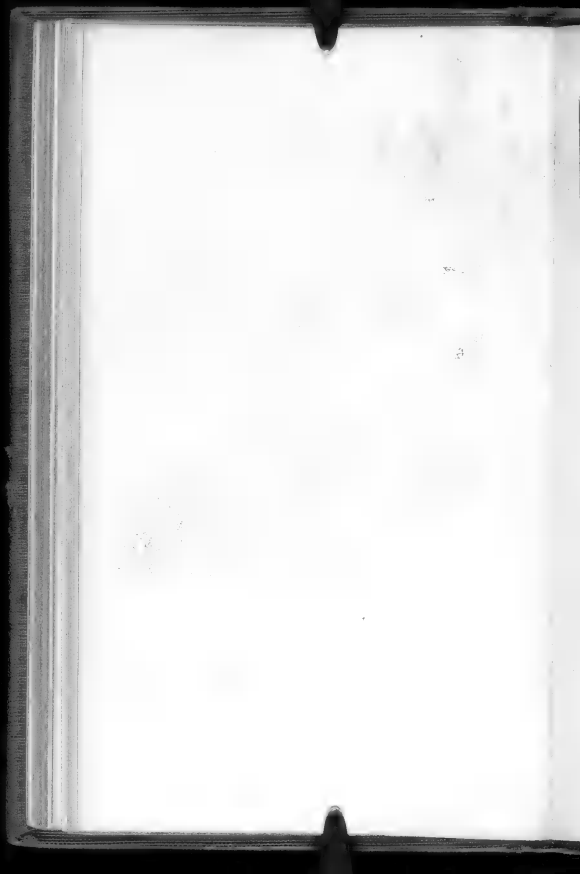
Purity and Sweetness.

I LOOK upon a face as fair
As ever made a lip of heaven
Falter amid its music-prayer!
The first-lit star of summer even
Springs not so softly on the eye,
Nor grows, with watching, half so bright,
Nor, mid its sisters of the sky,
So seems of heaven the dearest light —
Men murmur, where that face is seen,
My youth's angelic dream was of that look and
mien.

Yet though we deem the stars are blest,
And envy, in our grief, the flower
That bears but sweetness in its breast,
And fear the enchanter for his power,
And love the minstrel for the spell
He winds out of his lyre so well —
The stars are almoners of light,
The lyrist of melodious air,
The fountain of its waters bright,
And every thing most sweet and fair



and



Of that by which it charms the ear,
The eye, of him that passes near —
A lamp is lit in woman's eye,
That souls, else lost on earth, remember angels
by. WILLIS.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

CONVALLARIA MAJALIS.

Delicate Simplicity.

FAIR girl! by whose simplicity
My spirit has been won
From the stern earthliness of life,
As shadows flee the sun ;
I turn again to think of thee,
And half deplore the thought,
That for one instant, o'er my soul,
Forgetfulness hath wrought!
I turn to that charmed hour of hope,
When first upon my view
Came the pure sunshine of thine heart,
Borne from thine eyes of blue.
'T was thy high purity of soul,
Thy thought-revealing eye,
That placed me spell-bound at thy feet,
Sweet wanderer from the sky.

WILLIS G. CLARK.

LOCUST.

ROBINIA PSEUDO-ACACIA

Affection beyond the grave.

STRONG as the death it masters, is the hope
That onward looks to immortality:
Let the frame perish, so the soul survive,
Pure, spiritual, and loving. I believe
The grave exalts, not separates, the tie
That holds us in affection to our kind.
I will look down from yonder pitying sky,
Watching and waiting those I loved on earth,
Anxious, in heaven, until they too are there.
I will attend your guardian angel's side,
And weep away your faults with holy tears;
Your midnight shall be filled with solemn thought,
And when, at length, death brings you to my love,
Mine the first welcome heard in paradise.

L. E. LANDON.

TIME tempers love, but not removes,
More hallowed when its hope is fled;
O, what are thousand living loves,
To that which cannot quit the dead.

BYRON.

LOVE-IN-A-MIST.

NIGELLA DAMASCENA.

You puzzle me.

You say that you love me ;
Yet say it with tears ;
Alternately waking
My hopes and my fears !

You smile on my passion,
You pout as you smile ;
And you turn from my touch,
While my heart you beguile.

You bid me begone !
And you frown if I go.
Your blushes say, ' Yes !'
While your tongue murmurs, ' No !'

You kiss me, and vow
That you hate to be kissed !
Ah ! truly I 'm nothing
But ' love in a mist.'

MRS. OSGOOD.



LUPINE.

LUPINUS HIRSUTUS.

Dejection, Sorrow.

FALSE look, false hope, and falsest love,
All meteors sent to me,
To show how they the heart could move,
And how deceiving be!
They left me darkened, crushed, alone;
My spirit's household gods o'erthrown.

The world itself is changed, and all
That was beloved before
Is vanished, and beyond recall,
For I can hope no more:
The scar of fire, the dint of steel,
Are easier than such wounds to heal.

L. E. LANDON.

It is the past that maketh my despair!
The dark, the sad, the irrevocable past.
Alas! why should our lot in life be made,
Before we know that life? Experience comes,
But comes too late. If I could now recall
All that I now regret, how different
Would be my choice! at best a choice of ill;
But better than my miserable past.
Loathed, yet despised, why must I think of it?

L. E. LANDON.

MARYGOLD — FRENCH.

DAYETES POTULA.

Jealousy.

NAY, chide me not that I am jealous, love!
For, in my doting fondness, I am grown
A very miser of the beauties thrown
Profusely round thee from the gods above.
I'm even jealous of the pliant glove
Embracing oft thy slight and fairy hand;
And of sly Zephyr, with his whisper bland,
Who steals a-wooing from the budding grove,
And dallies o'er thy cheek with soft caress;
And of the ray that trembles as it glows
Upon thy fresh lips' rosy loveliness;—
For that dear hand I would with mine enclose,
And lip and cheek I would were mine alone,
And mine the only heart that thou wouldst wish
to own.

ANON.



MEADOW SAFFRON.

COLCHICUM OFFICINALIS.

I do not fear to grow old.

LAMENT who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Why grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly should I weep at noon
To see the blush of morning gone.

True, time will sear and blanch my brow;
Well — I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grisly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie
Upon my head when I am gray,
Love yet may search my fading eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

BRYANT.



MIGNONETTE.

RESEDA ODORATA.

Your qualities surpass your loveliness.

THE world denies that thou art fair;
So, dearest, let it be,
If nought in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.
True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is but removed,
When heart with heart in concord beats,
When loving and beloved.

WORDSWORTH.

BEAUTY consists not in the sparkling eye,
The damask cheek and lip, or forehead high;
Not in the graceful form, or glistening hair,
Or melody of voice. O, no! not there.
But in the *soul*, which every glance displays
Basking forever in affection's rays,—
Speaking in love's soft tones, with sunlight smile,
Which can an aching heart from wo beguile!
It dwelleth there in majesty supreme,
Sweeter than music's voice or seraph's dream.

MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

MISSLETOE.

VISCUM VERTICILLATUM.

I surmount all difficulties.

SHE loves, but 't is not me she loves ;
Not me on whom she ponders,
When, in some dream of tenderness,
Her truant fancy wanders.
The forms that flit her visions through,
Are like the shapes of old,
Where tales of prince and paladin
On tapestry are told.
Man may not hope her heart to win,
Be his of common mould.

But I — though spurs are won no more,
Where herald's trump is pealing,
Nor thrones carved out for lady fair,
Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling —
I loose the falcon of my hopes
Upon as proud a flight
As those who hawked at high renown,
In song-ennobled fight.
If *daring*, then, true love may crown,
My love she must requite.

C. F. HOFFMAN.

MIMOSA.

MIMOSA SENSITIVA.

Sensitiveness.

LIKE the mimosa, shrinking from
The blight of some familiar finger—
Like flowers which but in secret bloom,
Where aye the sheltered shadows linger,
And which, beneath the hot noon-ray,
Would fold their leaves and fade away—
The flowers of love, in secret cherished,
In loneliness and silence nourished,

Shrink backward from the searching eye,
Until the stem whereon they flourished,
Their shrine, the human heart, has perished,
Although themselves may never die.

* * * * *

Life's sunniest hours are not without
The shadow of some lingering doubt—
Amid its brightest joys, will steal
Spectres of evil yet to feel—

Its warmest love is blent with fears;
Its confidence, a trembling one;

Its smile, the harbinger of tears;
Its hope, the change of April's sun!

A weary lot—in mercy given
To fit the chastened soul for heaven.

J. G. WHITTIER.

MYRTLE.

MYRTUS COMMUNIS.

Love in absence.

MYRTLE green,
That maidens think a charm for constant love,
And give night kisses to it, and so dream.

CROLY.

I MISS thee each lone hour,
Star of my heart!
No other voice hath power
Joy to impart.
I listen for thy hasty step,
Thy kind, sweet tone;
But sorrowing silence whispers me,
Thou art alone!

Darkness is on the hearth —
Nought do I say;
Books are but little worth —
Thou art away!
Voices, the true and kind,
Strange are to me;
I have lost heart and mind,
Thinking of thee.

MRS. SCOTT.

MOSS.

MUSCUS.

Maternal Love.

NUMBER thy lamps of love, and tell me now
How many canst thou relight at the stars,
And blush not at their burning? One — only
one —

Lit while your pulses by one heart kept time,
And fed with faithful fondness to your grave —
(Though sometimes with a hand stretched back
from heaven —)

Steadfast through all things — near when most
forgot —

And, with its finger of unerring truth,
Pointing the lost way in thy darkest hour —
One lamp — thy mother's love — amid the stars
Shall lift its pure flame changeless, and before
The throne of God burn through eternity —
Holy — as it was lit and lent thee here.

WILLIS.

ERE yet her child has drawn its earliest breath,
A mother's love begins: it glows till death —
Lives before life — with death not dies — but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams.

ANONYMOUS.

NARCISSUS — FALSE.

NARCISSUS PSEUDO-NARCISSUS.

Delusive Hope.

THE deep, the long, the dreaming hours
That I have passed with thee,
When thou hadst not a single thought
Of how thou wert with me.

I heard thy voice, I spoke again,
I gazed upon thy face ;
And never scene of actual life
Could bear a deeper trace.

Then all that fancy conjured up,
And made thee look and say,
Till I have loathed reality,
That chased such dreams away.

Alas ! this is vain, fond, and false ;
Thy heart is not for me ;
And, knowing this, how can I waste
My very soul on thee ?

L. E. LANDON.



NARCISSUS — POET'S.

NARCISSUS POETICUS.

Self-love, Egotism.

THE pale narcissus
Still feeds upon itself; but, newly blown,
The nymphs will pluck it from its slender stalk,
And say, 'Go, fool, and to thy image talk.'

LORD THURLOW.

BUT self-love never yet could look on truth,
But with bleared beams; sick flattery and she
Are twin-born sisters, and do mix their eyes,
As, if you sever one, the other dies.
Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?
Why, do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.
O, hadst thou known the worth of Heaven's rich
gift,
Thou wouldst have turned it to a truer use;
And not (with starved and covetous ignorance)
Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem,
The glance whereof to others had been more
Than to thy famished mind the wide world's store.

BEN JONSON.

OATS.

AVENA SATIVA.

Music.

MINE is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly !
And the passionate strain, that deeply glowing
Refines the bosom it trembles through ;
As the musk-wind, over the water flowing,
Ruffles the wave — but sweetens it too.

MOORE.

'T IS I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, the future of pleasure ;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that 's still in the ear ;
And hope, from a heavenly note, flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

MOORE.

MUSIC ! O, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever *speak*,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?

MOORE.

OLEANDER.

NERIUM OLEANDER.

Beware!

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not!
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not!
She is fooling thee!

LONGFELLOW.

LOVE's early dawn delicious charms imparts;
With gentle breath the traitor comes at first,
Then tempests rise, and clouds of sorrow burst.
Wouldst thou be well? whatever form he bear,
He wears his arrows still, and so *beware!*

MOLIERE.

Translated by Crise.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

CITRUS AURANTIUM.

Your purity equals your loveliness.

How fair the orange-bloom will smile
Amid that auburn braid!
How soft will burn thy blush the while,
Beneath the bridal shade!
Thou 'rt young to wed! — that virgin flower,
White as thine own pure brow,
Just stolen from its dewy bower,
Is not more fresh than thou.
Thou 'rt young to wear the bridal bloom;
Yet go! for in thy heart,
A lovelier blossom lights the gloom
That timid fears impart —
The heaven-fed flower of purity —
O, nurse the snow-drop still!
And in its breath a charm shall be,
To guard thee from all ill.

MRS. OSGOOD.



PARSLEY.

APIUM PETROSELINUM.

Feasting, Entertainment.

THERE was a feast that night,
And colored lamps sent forth their odorous light
Over gold carvings, and the purple fall
Of tapestry ; and around each stately hall
Were statues pale, and delicate, and fair,
As all of beauty, save her blush, were there ;
And, like light clouds, floating around each room,
The censers sent their breathings of perfume ;
And scented waters mingled with the breath
Of flowers that died as they rejoiced in death.
The tulip, with its globe of rainbow light ;
The red rose, as it languished with delight ;
The bride-like hyacinth, drooping as with shame,
And the anemone, whose cheek of flame
Is golden, as it were the flower the sun,
In his noon hour, most loved to look upon.
At first, the pillared halls were still and lone,
As if some fairy palace, all unknown
To mortal eye or step : — This was not long —
Wakened the lutes, and rose the sound of song ;
And the wide mirrors glittered with the crowd
Of changing shapes : the young, the fair, the proud,
Came thronging in.

L. E. LANDON.

PANSY.

VIOLA TRICOLOR.

Tender and pleasant thoughts.

Most strangely true and beautiful hath grown
The fancy of that line, 'Pansies for thoughts ;'
And thought is changeful ever. So are now
The fair Ophelia's token-flowers more fit
To be its emblems ; for their varying hues,
Like thoughts diversified with bright, and deep,
And gay, and sombre tints, mirror the mind
In every changeful mood ; some robe them
In milk-white garb ; and these are maiden
thoughts ;
Then, purpled with love's wound, they 're pen-
cilled o'er
With richer beauty ; and fantastic oft,
And fleeting, too, are these love marks, I ween.

* * * * *

O ! are not pansies emblems meet for thoughts ?
The pure, the checkered, gay, and deep, by turns ;
A hue for every mood the bright things wear,
In their bright velvet coats. And let his name,
Who thus entwined them in immortal song,
Be ever honored when they meet our gaze,
And bring, as though 't were writ upon their
leaves,

All that most graceful fairy scene,* where Puck,
His elvish ears attentive, learns the tale
Of Oberon's syren song, — and how the shaft
Of arméd Cupid dyed this 'western flower,'
Which maidens now call 'Love in Idleness.'

L. A. TWAMLEY.

PASSION FLOWER.

PASSIFLORA.

Religious Fervor.

If superstition's baneful art
First gave thy mystic name;
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart
Against its groundless claim.

But if, in fancy's pensive hour,
By grateful feelings stirred,
Her fond, imaginative power
That name at first conferred —

Though lightly truth her flights may prize,
By wild vagary driven,
For once their blameless exercise
May surely be forgiven.

* 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'

We roam the seas — give new-found isles
 Some king's or conqueror's name;
 We rear on earth triumphant piles,
 As meeds of earthly fame;

* * * * *

Then may not one poor floweret's bloom
 The holier memory share,
 Of Him, who, to avert our doom,
 Vouchsafed our sins to bear? BARTON.

PEA — EVERLASTING.

LATHYRUS LATIFOLIA.

Wilt thou go with me?

O, wilt thou go with me, love,
 And seek the lonely glen?

O, wilt thou leave for me, love,
 The smiles of other men?

The birds are there, aye singing,
 The woods are full of glee,
 And love shall there be flinging
 His roses over thee.

And wilt thou go with me, dear,
 And share my humble lot?

And wilt thou live with me, dear,
 Within a lowly cot? PERCIVAL.

PEA — SWEET.

LATHYRUS ODORATUS.

Departure.

My love will grow
Intenser in our absence, and again
Burn with a tender glow when I return.
Fear not; this is my last resolve, and this
My *parting token*. PERCIVAL.

BUT then to part! to part when Time
Has wreathed his tireless wing with flowers,
And spread the richness of a clime
Of fairy o'er this land of ours.
When glistening leaves and shaded streams
In the soft light of Autumn lay,
And, like the music of our dreams,
The viewless breezes seemed to stray —
'T was bitter then to rend the heart
With the sad thought that we must part;
And, like some low and mournful spell,
To whisper but one word — farewell!

P. BENJAMIN.



PERIWINKLE — BLUE.

VINCA MINOR.

Sweet Remembrances.

LET fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot de-
stroy;
And which come in the night-time of sorrow and
care,
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been dis-
tilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

MOORE.

AND thus, as in Memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still
ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once
more.

MOORE.

PHLOX.

PHLOX MACULATA.

Our souls are united.

My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine;
There is its holy home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine. TERRY.

THERE are two hearts, whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave — or cease to beat.

There are two souls, whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part — they part? — ah, no!
They cannot part — those souls are one.
BARTON.

THERE is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreathed with mine alone,
That Destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever *both* or *none*!
BYRON.

PINK — WHITE.

DIANTHUS ALBUS.

Lovely and pure affection.

‘O, CALL it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold ;
And Love is now an earthly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold ;
And Passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o’er all he sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon —
O, call it none of these !

‘Imagine something purer far
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they ;
And if thy lip, for love like this,
No mortal word can frame,
Go ask of angels what it is,
And call it by that name !’



PINK — RED.

DIANTHUS RUBEUS.

Woman's Love.

O, WOMAN'S love! at times it may
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns
With true, undeviating ray,
And never from its idol turns.
Its sunshine is a smile — a frown
The heavy cloud that weighs it down ;
A tear its weapon is — beware
Of woman's tears — there 's danger there!
Its sweetest place on which to rest,
A constant and confiding breast:
Its life, to meet — its death, to part —
Its sepulchre, a broken heart. CROLY.

AND well the poet, at her shrine,
May bend and worship while he woos ;
To him she is a thing divine,
The inspiration of his line,
His loved one, and his muse.
If to his song the echo rings
Of fame — 't is woman's voice he hears ;
If ever, from his lyre's proud strings,
Flow sounds like rush of angel-wings —
'T is that she listens, while he sings,
With blended smiles and tears. HALLECK.

POPPY — RED.

PAPAVER RHÆAS.

Forgetfulness, or Consolation.

WILL you drink of this fountain, and sorrow
forget ?

Has the past been so blest that you hesitate yet,
Can love, when 't is slighted, still cherish a token,
Or hearts still forgive, that unkindness has broken ?

If you will not call woe and reproach on his name,
Forget him ; for honor, for pride, and for shame ;
And if passive, resist every feeble endeavor,
Drink deep of the wave, and forget it forever !

PERCIVAL

COME, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lonely alder-tree,
And we will dream a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude
Upon the marble solitude,
So peaceful and so deep.

H. K. WHITE.

SLEEP, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care.

SHAKSPEARE.

POPPY — WHITE.

PAPAVER SOMNIFERUM.

Sleep of the Heart.

SLEEP, heart of mine!—

Wherefore art thou beating?
Do dreams stir thy slumbers,
Vainest hopes repeating?

Sleep, heart of mine,
Sleep thou without dreaming:
Love, the beguiler,
Weareth such false seeming.

Sleep, heart of mine;
But if on thy slumbers
Breathe one faint murmur
Of his charmed numbers;

Waken, heart of mine,
From such dangerous sleeping;
Love's haunted visions
Ever end in weeping.

L. E. LANDON.



PRIMROSE.

PRIMULA ACAULIS.

Early Youth.

FAIRER flowers which gardens bear,
Proud exotics reared with care,
Beautiful though they may be,
Never can compare with thee.

Thou art rich, from memory's store,
With the wealth of life's young lore ;
Love by books but poorly taught,
Wealth by riches never bought.

* * * * *

Faintly, while I look on thee,
Seems the past again to be ;
Sights and sounds which then were dear,
Greet again my eye and ear.

Grateful is it yet to feel
In the heart thy mute appeal ;
Lingering greenness lurking there,
Feelings such as these declare.

Shed, then, on dark manhood's gloom,
Gleams of sunshine from thy bloom,
Through whose spell the spirit seems
Once more young in childhood's dreams.

BARTON.

PRIMROSE — EVENING.

ŒNOTHERA ODORATA.

Inconstancy.

Go forth again, inconstant one,
Go forth, amid proud fashion's throng —
May a fair sky — a pleasant sun
Be thine, to light thy step along ;
No malison shall rest on thee,
Although that vow so soon was broken ;
Yet thou shalt hear no curse from me,
No word unmanly shall be spoken :
Forget my heart, forget my lyre, —
Forget them with our pleasures gone ;
Kindled and quenched hath been love's fire,
Yet I forgive thee — speed thee on.
J. F. ROGERS.

O, COLD inconstancy !
This is not woman's love ; her love should be
A feeling pure and holy as the flame
The vestal virgin kindles ; fresh as flowers
The spring has but just colored ; innocent
As the young dove, and changeless as the faith
The martyr seals in blood.

L. E. LANDON.

ROSE.—AUSTRIAN.

ROSA BICOLOR.

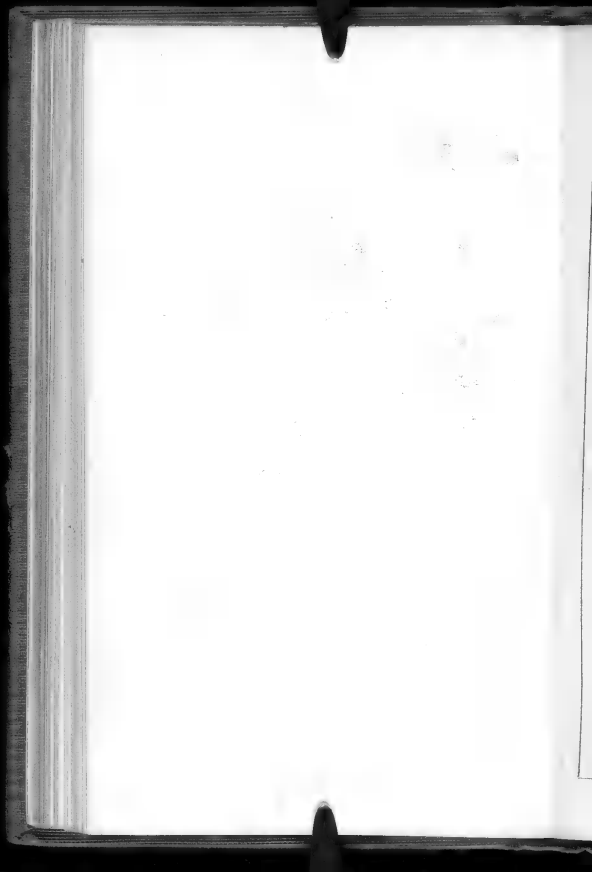
Thou art all that's lovely.

OH! thou who art the fairest of earth's daughters,
Delighted could I sit a summer's day,
To drink the music of thy lips away,
Gushing their careless melody as waters;
And, while I gazed upon thy full blue eyes,
Still listening to thy passion-kindling songs,
Deem myself happiest of thy votaries.
Thus, while the morning lark his note prolongs,
Lists the rapt bard, and, bending to the skies,
Sends up the incense of a grateful heart,
For such a gleam of heavenly ecstasies!
Oh, beautiful in feature as thou art,
More beautiful in mind — my thoughts of thee
Shall live in love's undying memory.

DAWES.







ROSE — BRIDAL.

RUBUS ROSAFOLIUS.

Happy Love.

OUR love hath been no common love,
With hopeful smiles and tears |
Our faith is faith to meet above,
Our trust the trust of years.
Thus have we struggled for the good,
Thus kept our spirits pure |
Believing, in our darkest mood,
That love must still endure.

I know not, love, where heaven may be,
With us 'tis now begun ;
I learn celestial good from thee,
On earth our souls are one ;
And being one in this dim way,
Where faith so oft hath striven,
When love no more shall weep and pray,
We must be one in heaven.

E. HELFENSTEIN.

My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.

SHAKSPEARE.

ROSE — DAMASK.

ROSA DAMASCENA.

Bashful Love.

BEFORE the winning breeze could steal
Morn's sprinkled pearl-drops from the rose,
I culled it, that it might reveal
The tale *my lips* dare not disclose.

Its leaves of virgin tenderness, —
Where I have pressed a kiss for thee, —
Its blush of maiden bashfulness,
Both tell of love and secrecy.

F. S. HILL.

THIS speaking rose
Becomes a *token*. fit to tell
Of things that words can ne'er disclose,
And nought but this reveal so well.

Then take my flower, and let its leaves
Beside thy heart be cherished near,
While that confiding heart receives
The thought it whispers to thine ear.

TOKEN.

ROSE — MOSS.

ROSA MUSCOSA.

Superior Merit.

I NEVER saw a form before
Of such unrivalled loveliness,
Nor one who was of earth, who wore
The look of heaven upon her face.
I never knew a heart so kind,
Such tears for others' misery flow,
Nor saw a hand so gladly bind
The crushed and bleeding heart of wo.

Her spirit was from sin so free,
Such gladness round her path she shed,
That all, who knew her purity,
Poured blessings on her bright young head.
In this cold world, I never found
But one to whom my heart was dear;
But thousand cords of love had bound
Her being to this changeful sphere.

MISS P. CAREY.



ROSE — CHINA.

ROSA MULTIFLORA.

Grace.

O, SAY not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign, —
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain!

Is beauty vain, because it will fade?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light
vain;
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.

But earth's green mantle, pranked with flowers,
Is the couch where life with joy reposes;
And heaven gives down, with its light and show-
ers,
To regale them, fruits — to deck them, roses.

And while opening flowers in such beauty spread,
And ripening fruits so gracefully swing, —
Say not, O king, as you just now said,
That beauty or grace is a worthless thing.

PIERPONT.

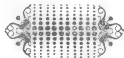
ROSE — WHITE.

ROSA ALBA.

Sadness.

My heart is with its early dream ;
It cannot turn away,
To seek again the joys of earth,
And mingle with the gay.
The dew-nursed flower, that lifts its brow
Beneath the shades of night,
Must wither, when the sunbeam sheds
Its too resplendent light.

My heart is with its early dream ;
And vainly love's soft power
Would seek to charm that heart anew,
In some unguarded hour.
I would not that some gentle one
Should hear my frequent sigh ;
The deer, that bears its death-wound, turns
In loneliness to die. MRS. EMBURY.



ROSE — YELLOW.

ROSA LUTEA.

Infidelity.

TAKE back the sigh thy lips of art,
In passion's moment, breathed to me;
Yet, no — it must not, will not, part;
'T is now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee!

Take back the kiss that faithless sigh,
With all the warmth of truth, imprest;
Yet, no — the fatal kiss may lie —
Upon thy lips its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest.

Take back the vows, that, night and day,
My heart received, I thought, from thine;
Yet, no — allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they 've ruined mine!

MOORE.



ROSEMARY.

ROSMARINUS OFFICINALIS.

Remembrance.

THERE 's *rosemary*, that 's for remembrance ;
Pray you, love, remember. SHAKESPEARE.

'T is a melancholy flower,
Such as, in affliction's hour,
O'er the heaving turf I'd throw,
To deck the friend that rests below.

PERCIVAL.

THERE are moments in life that are never forgot,
Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals
away ;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.
These moments are hallowed by smiles and by
tears,

The first look of love, and the last parting given.

PERCIVAL.

OH ! only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows ! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure. L. E. L.

SAGE.

SALVIA OFFICINALIS.

Domestic Virtues.

HOWE'ER the skeptic scoffs, the poet sighs,
Hope oft reveals her dimly-shadowed dreams;
And seraph Joy descends from pale-blue skies,
And, like sweet sunset on wood-skirted streams,
Peace breathes around her stilling harmonies,
Her whispered music — while her soft eye
beams;
And the deep bliss that crowns the household
hearth,
From all its woes redeems the bleeding earth.

Hail, ye fair charities! the mellow showers
Of the heart's spring-time! from your rosy
breath,
The wayworn pilgrim, though the tempest lowers,
Breathes a new being in the realms of Death,
And bears the burden of life's darker hours,
With cheerless aspect o'er the lonely heath,
That spreads between us and the unfading clime
Where true Love triumphs o'er the death of
Time.

S. L. FAIRFIELD.

SNOWDROP.

GALANTHUS NIVALIS.

Consolation.

THE rose is for the nightingale,
The heather for the lark ;
But the holly greets the red-breast,
'Mid winter drear and dark ;
And the snowdrop, wakened by his song,
Peeps tremblingly forth,
From her bed of cold, still slumber,
To gaze upon the earth. TWAMLEY.

THOUGH cold fate has lowered,
And darkened my day ;
Though sorrow has showered
Her tears o'er my way ;
One blossom has flowered,
In Love's sunny ray.

Let Fate then bereave me,
Let other friends flee,
If my snowdrop she leave me,
Pure, smiling, and free,
No more can she grieve me —
My hope is in thee. MRS. OSGOOD.

SPEEDWELL.

VERONICA.

Fidelity.

Not for thy azure tint, though bright,
Or form so elegantly light,
I single thee, thou lovely flower,
From others of the sylvan bower;
Thou hast a spell to them unknown,
And this my heart hath captive won.

Thy name — what is it? The very prayer
Affection breathes for friends most dear;
Whate'er their hopes, pursuits, or aim,
Part they or meet, thy magic name
With silent eloquence may tell
Her soul's fond breathings, 'Speed ye well.'

Then to thy task, thou favored flower;
And if thy simple charms have power
To win the glance of her I love,
O, faithful to thy errand prove;
Say, far or near, where'er she dwell,
Thy prayer shall ever be, 'Speed well.'

Poetry for the Young.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

ORNITHOGALUM UMBELLATUM.

The light of our path.

LIGHT of those whose dreamy dwelling
Borders on the shade of death,
Come, and by thy love's revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath!

Sacred Melodies.

COME, while sweet thoughts, like summer-buds,
unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast —
While yet thy hand th' ephemeral wreath is hold-
ing —
Come, and secure interminable rest!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die —
Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee
throwing,
Fades, like the crimson from a sunset sky.

Life is but a shadow — save a promise given,
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray;
I touch the sceptre! — with a hope in heaven,
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Columbian Star.

ST. JOHN'S WORT.

HYPERICUM.

Animosity.

LET my curse be upon him,
The faithless of heart!
Let the smiles that have won him
In frowning depart!
Let his best cherished blossom
Of sympathy die,
And the hopes of his bosom
In shadows go by!
Ay, curse him! but keep
The poor boon of his breath,
Till he sigh for the sleep
And the quiet of death!
Let a viewless one haunt him
With whisper and jeer,
And an evil one daunt him
With phantoms of fear!
Be the fiend unforgiving,
That follows his tread;
Let him walk with the living,
Yet gaze on the dead!

J. G. WHITTIER.

SUNFLOWER — DWARF.

HELIANTHUS INDICUS.

Your devout adorer.

THE *sunflower* turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.
MOORE.

As turns
The flower to meet the sun,
E'en though, when clouds and storms arise,
It be not shone upon, —
Thus, dear one, in thine eyes I see
The only light that beams for me.

As thinks
The mariner of home,
When doomed through many a dreary waste
Of waters yet to roam, —
Thus doth my spirit turn to thee,
My guiding star o'er life's wild sea.

As bends
The Persian at the shrine
Of his resplendent god, to watch
His earliest glories shine, —
Thus doth my spirit bow to thee,
My heart's own radiant deity.

MRS. EMBURY.

SWEETBRIER or EGLANTINE.

ROSA SUAVEOLENS.

Poetry.

THE air is full of poetry,—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. PERCIVAL.

‘WITH fairer tints I can adorn
The living landscape, fairer than the morn.
The summer clouds in shapes romantic rolled,
And those that edge the fading west, like gold;
The lake that sleeps in sunlight, yet impressed
With shapes more sweet than real on its breast;
’Mid baffling stones, beneath a partial ray,
The small brook huddling its uneven way;
The bluey fading hills, the silvery sea,
And every scene of summer, speaks of me:
But most I wake the sweetest wishes warm,
Where the fond gaze is turned on woman’s
breathing form.’



TULIP — RED.

TULIPA GESNERIANA.

A declaration of love.

'TULIP — whose leaves, with their ruby glow,
Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.'

TELL her I love her — love her for those eyes,
Now soft with feeling, radiant now with mirth,
Which, like a lake reflecting autumn skies,
Reveal two heavens here to us on earth —
The one in which their soulful beauty lies,
And that wherein such soulfulness has birth;
Go to my lady ere the season flies,
And the rude winter comes thy bloom to blast;
Go, and with all of eloquence thou hast,
The burning story of my love discover;
And if the theme should fail, alas! to move her,
Tell her, when youth's gay summer flowers are
past,
My undying love will blossom to the last!

C. F. HOFFMAN.



VERBENA or VERVAIN.

VERBENA FASTATA.

Sensibility.

VERBENA, in thy pensive grace,
The emblem of the feeling heart I trace.

ANONYMOUS.

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest,
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody sweetest and clearest,
If tried by a delicate hand;
But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break.
Then, O, be the magic key mine,
Its fairy-like whispers to wake!

MRS. OSGOOD.

GENTLE as angel's ministry,
The guiding hand of love should be,
Which seeks again those cords to bind,
Which human wo hath rent apart—
To heal again the wounded mind,
And bind anew the broken heart.

J. G. WHITTIER.

VIOLET.

VIOLA.

Modesty.

A GENTLE creature was that girl,
Meek, humble, and subdued ;
Like some lone flower, that has grown up
In woodland solitude.

Its soil has had but little care,
Its growth but little praise ;
And down it droops the timid head
It has not strength to raise.

For other brighter blooms are round,
And they attract the eye ;
They seem the sunny favorites
Of summer, earth, and sky.

The human and the woodland flower
Hath yet a dearer part—
The perfume of the hidden depths,
The sweetness at the heart.

L. E. LANDON.

AND thou, who didst appear so fair,
To young imagination,
Didst rival, in the sight of day,
Her delicate creation.

WORDSWORTH.

WALLFLOWER.

CHEIRANTHUS CHEIRI.

Fidelity in Misfortune.

Not in prosperity's bright morn,
Cheiranthus' golden light
Is lent, her splendors to adorn,
And make them still more bright;
But in adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by;
It then exerts its gentle power,
The scene to beautify.

BERNARD BARTON.

Oh! trust the mind,
To grief so long, so silently resigned.
Let the light spirit, ne'er by sorrow taught,
The pure and lofty constancy of thought,
Its fleeting trials eager to forget,
Rise with elastic power o'er each regret;
Fostered in tears our young affection grew,
And I have learned to suffer and be true.
Deem not my love a frail, ephemeral flower,
Nursed by soft sunshine and the balmy shower;
No! 'tis the child of tempests, and defies,
And meets, unchanged, the anger of the skies.

WILSON.

WATER LILY.

NYMPHÆ.

Eloquence.

It wellet up from brimming founts
Deep hidden in the soul —
And with a strong, resistless power
Its chainless waters roll!
It gushes out in words of fire —
It scorches with its breath —
And, as the heart is pure or dark,
Its words are life or death!

In Justice' great and outraged name,
That giant voice doth crave
Redress for earth's down-trodden ones,
And freedom for the slave!
And it has softer, gentler tones,
To soothe the broken heart —
To bind its tender, bleeding wounds,
And hope and peace impart

Miss C. A. FILLEBROWN.



WEeping WILLOW.

SALIX BABYLONICA.

Forsaken.

— Love is oft a fatal spell,
That sweetly soothes but to betray, —
Let not the soft enchantment will
Your heart away.
A garland of the cypress tree,
Or weeping willow wreath, may well
Its emblem be. J. MALCOLM.

SAD doom — at sorrow's shrine to kneel,
Forever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear;
Such once was his — to think and think
On blighted love, and only sink
From anguish to despair:
But nature, with benignant part,
Hath, in the silence of his heart,
To faith a cradle given;
Calm as the dewdrop, free to rest
Within the rose's tranquil breast,
Till it exhales to heaven.

WORDSWORTH.

WOODBINE.

LONICERA PERICLYMENON.

Fraternal Love.

I THINK of thee, my sister,
In my sad and lonely hours,
And the thought of thee comes o'er me
Like the breath of morning flowers.

Like music that enchants the ear,
Like sights that bless the eye,
Like the verdure of the meadow,
The azure of the sky;

Like rainbow in the evening,
Like blossoms on the tree,
Is the thought of thee, dear sister,
Is the tender thought of thee!

JOHN KENYON.



YARROW.

ACHILLEA MILLEFOLIUM.

Thou alone canst cure.

IF there is on earth a *cure*
For the sunk heart — 't is *this* — day after day
To be the blest companion of thy way ;
To hear thy angel eloquence — to see
Those virtuous eyes forever turned on me ;
And in their light *rechastened* silently,
Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
Grow pure, by being purely shone upon.

MOORE.

FAIL me not thou. This feeling past,
My heart would never rouse again.
Thou art the brightest — but the last !
And if *this* trust, *this* love is vain —
If thou, all peerless as thou art,
Be not less fair than true of heart —
My loves are o'er. The sun will shine
Upon no grave so hushed as this dark breast of
mine.

WILLIS.



YEW.

TAXUS.

Penitence.

THE warmest sigh that pleasure heaves,
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure loved too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And while they passed a fragrance threw
But left no trace of sweets behind.

MOORE.

WE will not ask what thorn has found
Keen entrance to thy bosom fair;
If love hath dealt a deathless wound,
Or deeper folly woke despair.

We only say, the sinless clime
On which is bent thy streaming eye,
Hath pardon for the darkest crime,
Though erring man the boon deny.

We only say, the prayerful breast,
The crystal tear of contrite pain,
Hath power to ope the portal blest,
Where pride and pomp have toiled in vain.

Token, for 1828.

ZINNIA.

ZINNIA MULTIFLORA.

Absence.

THE zinnia's solitary flower,
Which blooms in forests lone and deep,
Are like the visions, fair and bright,
That faithful, absent hearts will keep.

ANONYMOUS.

IN some lonely, silent hour,
When thou shalt yield to memory's power,
Let her fondly lead thee o'er
The scenes that thou hast passed before,
To absent friends and days gone by |
Then should these flowers meet thine eye,
A true memento may they be,
Of one whose bosom owes to thee
So many hours enjoyed in gladness,
That else, perhaps, had passed in sadness,
And many a golden dream of joy,
Untarnished and without alloy;—
O, still my fervent prayer will be,
"Heaven's choicest blessings rest on thee."

H. F. GOULD.

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